

PRESS

THE STATE OF ENGLISH—8

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of the literary men's diffidence, or by dint of their own determined protectionism. It could well be that the study of Old English has—rather like the interdisciplinary approach—a useful supportive role to play, but this role will only be properly defined and accepted once sacrifices have been made—sacrifices both of status and of staff. The present situation is little more than a patchwork of hypocrisies and prejudices, and is preserved, it seemed to me, mainly out of sloth and politeness. Too many people would have to be fired; this was even the most rabid anti-Anglo-Saxonist's shrugging dismissal of the prevailing anomalies. And in order to understand anything at all about English departments (or come to that, any university department) one has to learn this elementary truth: only gross moral turpitude can win a lecturer his cards.

Perhaps, as Raymond Williams was quoted as asserting in our piece about Cambridge, the trouble with English Studies is that it has lost its old orthodoxy and is now in the process of searching for a new one. The general picture that has emerged from our series, though, has been more one of confusion and disarray, of nervous retreats and wild advances, than of any impressively purposeful exploration of future possibilities. At the moment, an inert defensiveness is no more to be applauded than a groveling to the latest zeitgeist.

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Keep off the grass

ALISTAIR M. DUCKWORTH:
The Improvement of the Estate
238pp. Johns Hopkins Press, £4.30.

Few things illustrate the success of Jane Austen's novels better than Eliot's failure in *The Family Reunion*. Both artists choose unpromisingly limited material: Eliot force-feeds significance into his genteel country-house atmosphere and produces something even more comic than he intended—an episode of *Mrs. Dale's Diary* as performed by the out-patients of the Maudsley. Jane Austen, on the other hand, encourages a modest, unforced growth of significance, avoiding all portentousness.

It is surprising therefore, that Alistair Duckworth should attempt to locate Jane Austen in the history of ideas, to make her not so much the ironical observer of individual behaviour, as a social historian. He sees her as occupying a mid-point between the providential novels of the eighteenth century and the contingent novels of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. This polarity is established in a brisk survey, conducted with all the tact and subtlety of a press-gang. Only Sterne escapes the choice of fortune. Other novelists are less fortunate: *Tom Jones*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Jude the Obscure*, and *Women in Love*, when described in this schematized way, resemble their originals as an identikit portrait resembles the human face. And, if Mr Duckworth is quick to anticipate the objection ("Such a brief and arbitrary [reviewer's italics] notice of the theme of individualism . . . undoubtedly begs many questions"), he is equally deft at sliding past it ("I have attempted to suggest ways in which a persistent novelistic [re-

viewer's italics] preoccupation with individualism over two centuries . . ."). The two quotations are from the same page.

However, Mr Duckworth improves somewhat when he considers Jane Austen. Though the satirist's art is, of necessity, largely negative, he contends strenuously for a more positive view. For him, Jane Austen is the literary counterpart of Burke, an intelligent conservative at a time when received Christian values were threatened by a destructive subjectivism. In the novels, the idea of the Estate functions as a metonym for the cultural heritage, to be defended against radical improvement, and only gradually changed.

In order to enforce this view, Mr Duckworth adopts a symbolic approach to the novels. It is a strange approach to an author who seldom used metaphor, and one which produces this kind of textual distortion:

While the Crawfords and the Bertrams rehearse, Fanny retires to her "nest of comforts" (152), there to pursue "useful" tasks which foster growth and respect the wisdom of the past. In contrast to all the movement of furniture that is taking place elsewhere, Fanny preserves the East room as it always was: she "would not have changed its furniture for the handsomest in the house" (152). Her room becomes the still point in a moving house, a sanctuary. . . .

Fanny Price is, then, the beleaguered Tilly holding out in the attic against the mob of innovators downstairs. Unfortunately, Mr Duckworth has achieved this effect by rewriting the novel. Not only is it an absurd exaggeration to speak of the disturbance to two rooms as "a moving house", but in the version of *Mansfield Park* that the rest of the world reads, Fanny, during the rehearsals, spends her time in quite another

way. "There was no reading, no China, no composture for Fanny," Fanny feels jealous and left out, even wishes at one point to take part. She listens to the various complaints of the actors, and derives a certain amount of pleasure from the general discontent. She tries to help Rushworth to learn his two and forty speeches. She helps Mrs Norris with the costumes and curtain. When she has a minute to spare from all this, she certainly does not pursue useful tasks: she reads and re-reads *Lovers' Lives*. This is anything but the "withdrawal" Mr Duckworth thinks it is.

This distortion is a direct result of the author's preoccupation with sociological generalities. And, elsewhere, historical ideas are applied to the novels as one might fit callipers. If they manage to limp along Mr Duckworth seems satisfied. But, we cannot be happy with a book which describes Fanny's journey to Portsmouth as a "banishment", "in terms of the spatial journey of the novel". So much for Edmund's approval and Jane Austen's "Had Fanny been at all addicted to rupture, she must have had a strong attack of them". To be sure, Portsmouth is a disappointment, but it hardly deserves Mr Duckworth's description of it as "a Hobbesian state of inactivity". And what are we to make of this account of Catherine Morland's ordinary, ordinary journey to Bath? Can it really represent "the heroine's effective disinclination"? Should we really find in the marriage of Wentworth and Anne Elliot an anticipation of the "existentialist response" of *Dover Beach* "to a world lacking value and consolation"?

The same strictures apply to Mr Duckworth's reading of *Pride and Prejudice*. For him, its primary pur-

pose is to unify the fragments of social structure in the system of *Sybil*, but with three exceptions: two; nobility, generally; and, again, Mr Duckworth is happy to misread the text: he looks on a phrase describing Elizabeth as "a phrase describing Elizabeth looking at Darcy's portrait". Noticeably, she does not so much look at him; she "fixed his eyes on herself". Now she tries to see him from Darcy's vantage point, and therefore appropriate that, soon after when Darcy unexpectedly comes to see "in what a disgraceful light (252) she must now appear to him".

In fact, Elizabeth is not symbolically adopting a different perspective; it is including in wishful thinking, including Darcy's gentle look directed at herself.

Mr Duckworth's ingenious misreading about the symbolic value of the same way. For instance, he says that Sotherton, Rushworth's estate, is fallen into desuetude. One only says that Mrs Norris, who hauls out cream-cheese and pheasant eggs, would not agree. Again, the distance of the church from the town's house is seized on as evidence of a moral distance expressed in spatial terms. In this context, to point out the disadvantages of the Mr Collins's paragonage to Catherine, and the absence of mention of a church at Bath, and that nothing in his book would protect against the way Mr Duckworth frequently writes: "with Maria as mistress, bells are unlikely to summon the family to regular worship". This kind of criticism makes Mr Austen not more but less interesting.

CRITICISM

A leak at Number Ten

TRICK GORDON WALKER:
The Cabinet
170pp. Cape. £2.95. Fontana. Paper-
back. 40p.

Mr Harold Wilson and his Foreign Secretary were once overruled by the Cabinet on a matter of great importance concerning a proposal to send naval ships to the Gulf of Aden in an attempt to forestall the six-day war between Israel and Egypt. This is described by Mr Wilson as "one of our gravest discussions".

Mr Wilson's passage, on page 396 of *The Labour Government, 1964-1970*, reads:

The Cabinet met on Tuesday, 23rd May, the day after President Nasser's declaration about the Straits of Tiran. I had one of my gravest discussions. Though several ministers were absent, I had a number of Israeli leaders, we were all agreed to urge the utmost restraint, at a very difficult time, on her, while doing everything possible by direct diplomatic pressures and at UN to urge that similar pressures be put on the Arab countries by those in a position to influence them. . . .

After the Cabinet meeting we made it publicly clear that we could not compromise on the principle that the Gulf of Aden and the Straits were international waterways, and that this must be asserted internationally. Israel, we said, rather than taking international action should seek UN assurances or failing that, international assurances that the right of maritime passage remained inviolate.

We decided, and announced, that we would consult with leading maritime nations to make a declaration to this effect. The consultations began immediately.

Nor does that complete the record. One of the provocations to speculation in the first edition was Mr Gordon Walker's narrative of an "imaginary Cabinet meeting" on foreign affairs, in which he portrayed the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary running into resistance from Cabinet ministers over a proposal to use force after "the seizure of our uranium deposits and works by the Government of Lorentia".

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Chatto & Windus

Line by line

T. H. HOWARD-HILL, (Editor):
Oxford Shakespeare Concordances
Coriolanus. 375pp. *Troilus and Cressida*. 346pp. *Romeo and Juliet*. 320pp. £3 each.
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Othello. 334pp. *Macbeth*. 250pp. *King Lear*. 331pp. *Julius Caesar*. 249pp. *Timon of Athens*. 263pp. £3.75 each.
Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press.

With these eleven volumes, T. H. Howard-Hill's concordances are nearing completion. The speed with which they have been appearing and the general accuracy deserve commendation. Although the first quotation required by the present reviewer—"Ariel and all his quality"—was not listed under Ariel, and it should have been, and although the Folio reading (as given in the Hinman facsimile) for *Macbeth* 2362 differs from that given in the list of misprints, such errors are certainly not characteristic. Editors and textual scholars can now have their labourer's consolation: the spelling habits of concordancers in setting good quartos and the Folio can now be checked more easily, although scholars will obviously not rely on these concordances alone for information. The ordinary Shakespearean may well find the Speake concordance, more immediately useful, but the two old-spelling Shakespeares now in preparation—Alec Walker's and its American counterpart—have direct links with Dr Howard-Hill's.

It is unnecessary to repeat the reservations some of us have about the principles on which the concordances have been made. We may disagree about the retention of large number of misprints, while other words, no more absurd, are amended. Dr Howard-Hill amends "pristune" in *Macbeth*, "unquelled" in *Billiards*, and "look's" in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Two of these may be authorial or compositorial

spellings and ought to be retained. On the other hand, Dr Howard-Hill retains "Fatuus" (*Julius Caesar*, 571), "which they may walk" (*Macbeth*, 637) and "lucking the varying tyde" (*Antony and Cleopatra*, 480) and "gowne" for "gun" (*Timon*, 33), words which even the most conservative editor would be constrained to amend. *Coriolanus* is made in the election to ask why he stands in "this Woollish tongue" (1506), and he is made to claim that he "flattered" the Volscians in *Corioles*.

As the reviewer of the earlier concordances foresaw, these are least useful in those cases where there are many attractive variants in the texts which are not concorded. Most scholars would agree that Dr Walker is right to choose the Quarto text of *Timon of Athens* and the Folio text of *Othello* and it is arguable that the Quarto text of *Troilus and Cressida* is marginally better than that of the Folio. But no editor of these plays would follow his copy-text at all hazards. We know indeed from Dr Walker's modernized texts of two of these plays that he is reasonably selective. He does not allow *Othello* to speak of the "base Judean" though "Indian", the reading of the Quarto, is not universally accepted, even by editors who have a higher opinion of the Quarto text than Dr Walker has.

One hesitates to suggest the compilation of yet more computerized concordances; nevertheless, editors who make use of these may well feel, in Keats's phrase, "incapable of remaining content with half-knowledge". Concordances of the early editions not used by Dr Walker as copy-texts—the Folio *Hamlet* and *Troilus and Cressida*, the Quartos of *Othello* and possibly *King Lear*—might help in the delicate task of deciding when to desert the copy-text, even if, in the end, neither modern nor technology can relieve the editor of the necessity of literary discrimination.

Whiggery whitewashed Who was Hugh

EDWARD A. and ILLIAN D. BLOOM:
Joseph Addison's Sober Annuity
276pp. Rhode Island: Brown University Press, \$10.

The Blooms' phrase "the conscience of a comfortable age" at first sight seems a telling one. But reflection suggests that the adjective is wrongly placed. It was Addison's conscience, rather than that of his age, that was comfortable: comfortable, perhaps, more in the old sense of "comforting" than in the modern one of "easy-going". It was his object to make people feel better and more civilized than they had any right to feel. He made whiggery respectable, and managed to fix on the torres the image of buffoonery. An account of his work, as distinct from his life, which has already been handled definitively by Sir Peter Smithers, was well worth attempting.

Unfortunately it is an error, into which these authors fall, to search too closely for a consistent philosophy in the periodical writings of a professional journalist's twenty-year career. Addison could be mild and tolerant, but he could also be savage and partisan. His practised air of moral superiority was his most deadly weapon. In detail he could be grossly inconsistent, deploring slavery in one essay, yet dwelling in another on the profitability of the slave trade. His "characters", such as Sir Andrew Freeport, are not autonomous creations, but mouthpieces serving the purpose of the author. So keenly do the Blooms concentrate on Addison's writings that they are capable of the astonishing remark, "We know little about Addison the man".

There are also certain signs that these authors have not fully absorbed Addison's background. Thus they make *Spectator* 469, which is devoted to the discussion of the qualities needed in a "man of business" (i.e. the holder of public

office) the basis for a discussion of Addison's attitude to commerce. Arthur Moore is referred to as a member of "the Tory Command", and the government of 1710 as a "moderate coalition".

The book is stronger when dealing with Addison's political journalism. Elsewhere, an over-zealous style conceals rather than clarifies thought. "Implicitly realized that his class was no longer as complacent as it had been in Elizabethan and Puritan days" (1710) is a sentence which, though Geoffrey McDermott has edited from the help of Lady Galtiskell and others who knew Addison well, it gives no sense of intimacy between subject and author, and there is a too much reliance on the written word, with the consequence that the man and the politician are governed by the extent to which he was being reported at the time. Galtiskell's early days are given too much attention, although plenty of sense is still available. Nor are enough political insights to be gained either friend or foe.

Nevertheless, the book serves as a useful introduction to the political career, and provides a consecutive narrative that has two advantages over the 1964 edition of fourteen memoirs by Hugh Galtiskell, 1906-1963, edited by W. T. Rodgers. It recalls the lost leader without succumbing to the temptation to re-write the history of the Labour Government between 1964 and 1970. It would have been Galtiskell's achievement as Prime Minister.

JOSEPH McDERMOTT:
The Lost Biography of Hugh Galtiskell
170pp. Leslie Frowin, £3.15.

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Minister? Would his leadership have ensured that Labour won the general election of 1964 with a far more comfortable majority than under Harold Wilson? Would the story of 1966-1970 have contained far fewer wretched expedients and reversals of Labour policy than they in fact did?

As Mr McDermott puts it, these are subjects more suitable for the novelist than for the serious political commentator. What is certain is that in the year or two before his death, Hugh Galtiskell had grown to a commanding stature in Westminster politics, and that after Harold Macmillan the Conservative Party had no leader immediately available or acceptable who could have challenged his leadership over the crucial election that took Edward Heath to the top. It is a sweet irony that Mr Heath's "illiberal" policies caused Mr Berkeley to end his twenty years of attachment to Conservative politics as President of the Cambridge Union, a member of the staff at the Conservative Political Centre, candidate, and MP.

Mr Berkeley disavows any intention to write an autobiography, although he is characteristically self-revealing and self-indulgent. Nor is the book an attempt at self-justification, partly because Mr Berkeley is used to being the only man in the regiment who keeps in step. *Crossing the Floor* is mainly a rebuke to the new Conservatism for failing to be worthy of him.

As he writes in an essay on Lord Butler of Saffron Walden:

HUMPHRY BERKELEY:
Crossing the Floor
170pp. Allen and Unwin. £2.85.

Humphry Berkeley, a courageous, gifted, but fatally self-righteous politician, "crossed the floor" only metaphorically, simply because he lost his seat at Lancaster in 1966 and was out of the House when he voted Labour in June 1970 and joined the Labour Party in July 1970. He is now looking for a Labour seat and when he finds one, as he surely must, he will face a Conservative Party in Parliament on whom he imposed, by cogent argument and thickness of skin, the democratic system of leadership election that took Edward Heath to the top. It is a sweet irony that Mr Heath's "illiberal" policies caused Mr Berkeley to end his twenty years of attachment to Conservative politics as President of the Cambridge Union, a member of the staff at the Conservative Political Centre, candidate, and MP.

Mr Berkeley disavows any intention to write an autobiography, although he is characteristically self-revealing and self-indulgent. Nor is the book an attempt at self-justification, partly because Mr Berkeley is used to being the only man in the regiment who keeps in step. *Crossing the Floor* is mainly a rebuke to the new Conservatism for failing to be worthy of him.

As he writes in an essay on Lord Butler of Saffron Walden:

As the person in charge of policy from 1945 until 1964, he gave Conservatism a humane face. It is not without significance that his departure from politics was followed within a few years by that of Sir Edward Boyle. The death of John Macleod was a tragedy from which the Party had to recover. I joined the Party of Butler, Macleod, and Boyle in 1947, when they departed there was no place for me within the fold.

The progressive labourers of Dorset

JOYCE MARLOW:
The Tolpuddle Martyrs
320pp plus 21 plates. André Deutsch.
£3.50.

In 1934 the General Council of the TUC produced a substantial centenary volume, *The Book of the Martyrs of Tolpuddle*. It was a curious and uneven book: without an editor's name on the front, it included pieces by many eminent socialist thinkers and politicians—G. B. Shaw, the Webbs, Lascelles, Cripps, Arthur Henderson—with more serious background historical studies contributed by H. L. Beales and G. D. H. Cole. But the most substantial historical treatment of the case of the Tolpuddle men (for the correct name of the village was after the noble river Piddle, not after a mere puddle) was presented over the name of Walter Citrine.

One supposes that the historical research was ghosted for him: it is capable research, and the book includes also a full transcription of the correspondence between Lord Melbourne and James Frampton, the Dorset JP who was instrumental in pressing the case forward. The self-effacing (but scholarly) ghost gave no indication of his sources either in Citrine's text or in presenting the Melbourne-Frampton correspondence: if the correspondence is among the Melbourne papers in the British Museum (as Joyce Marlow implies) then it is not available to researchers until 1980.

Miss Marlow has now retold the Tolpuddle story, in a manner which is more readily available to the general reader. Much of the central material was available in the TUC centenary volume, but in going over it again Miss Marlow has identified the sources. She writes with zest, and she has an inquisitive eye which has led her to some original re-

search. With the assistance of archivists and others in Australia and Canada she has added new touches to our knowledge of the experiences of the Dorset labourers during their years of transportation, and also of their lives in Canada after their emigration in 1844 and 1846. She has, in particular, filled out a few details on the most silent member of the Tolpuddle-Six, James Hammett.

Painstaking in some directions, Miss Marlow is content with half-knowledge in others. She is always prodding the reader with knowing asides and precarious generalizations. For example, Methodism is introduced as "the first creed to lay emphasis upon and cultivate the individual worth of the individual layman" (goodness knows how many thousands of seventeenth-century Puritans turned in their graves at this). Unfortunately, she has not pursued her investigations into Methodist archives, which might have revealed more about the status of the Lovelace brothers as lay preachers, as well as illuminating the repudiation by the Methodist Establishment of the Dorset labourers. This is only one among many examples of her genial irresponsibility as regards historical judgment. Every actor—James Frampton, Lord Melbourne, George Lovelace—was doing his best according to his role and his sense of duty. It was quite reasonable that the English ruling class should dislike trade unions and therefore only to be expected that they should attack them at their weakest link.

The result is a sentimentalization, and often a trivialization, of the real events. We are told once that "there was nothing malicious" in Lord Melbourne's attitude, and we are given, at other points, the usual amused anecdotes about his absence of mind and absence of energy. What fails to come through is the utter absence of heart of the Whig attitude towards the rural labourers. Lord Melbourne, after all, had presided also over the repression of the Swing riots. When the protest movement surrounding the transportation of the Tolpuddle men became large enough

to cause him political discomfort, Melbourne wrote to Russell: "I do not care much what is done respecting the Dorsetshire Labourers." So far from deserving Miss Marlow's claim of health, Melbourne had been governed throughout by ice-cold prejudice.

Some two-thirds of this book is given over to the history of the Dorset labourers (and of their supporters) after the sentence of transportation. It is here that the author's original research has been most usefully pursued. But her research is largely of a whodunit kind, and she avoids some of the large historical problems which urgently require further examination.

Since unwary readers may think that they now have, in the painstaking assembly of (invaluable detail about the men's postings in Australia, etc., the full and definitive historical record, it is necessary to indicate areas in which the account is unsatisfactory.

First, Miss Marlow has failed to tell us anything new about the background of Dorset trade unionism, about the village of Tolpuddle itself, about the simultaneous organization of labourers in Bore Regis and other districts. There has been valuable writing on the Dorset labourer by Barbara Kerr, but her findings are not really brought to bear upon this study. The agrarian or local historian is left with nearly everything of importance still unexplained about the years 1830-34 in Dorset, and the conditions from which the challenge of unionization emerged. Miss Marlow does not tackle the question which G. D. H. Cole raised in his *Attempts at General Union*: which General Union (the Consolidated or the Yorkshire Union) had the Tolpuddle labourers become connected with? Nor, in working through records in the Public Record Office, does she pursue the search for Asaize or Treasury Solicitor papers (although it is possible that she searched here without success).

As a result of these omissions, a cluster of questions remain. What was the size of the average farm, and labour force, in this part of Dorset? What were relations be-

tween landowner and tenant farmers? Why were the Lovelaces and Standfields, who appear to have been on reasonably good terms with their employer, initiators of the local union? How was the poor law actually operating in this region? Can any connexion at all be traced between the defeat of the Swing riots of 1830 and the unionization of four years later? Was rural Methodism on an upswing in this region at this time? Miss Marlow has given her characters faces; she can even tell us their height to the half-inch and the distinguishing marks on their bodies; but as historical actors they are still undefined, coming from a context of rural class conflict that has still to be disclosed.

Second, in pursuing the subsequent history of the men, although she has usefully worked through the local press and some of the national press, she appears to have overlooked the key radical papers: for example, the *Poor Man's Guardian* and the *Northern Star*. (She implies, indeed, by her knowing tone, that these sources are likely to be untrustworthy.) But they remain the only sources for some part of the story. The London Dorchester Committee was conducted with unusual ability and success, but this book tells us little about its personnel and organization. The solidarity offered to the victims was practical and effective, and Henry Hetherington, of the *Poor Man's Guardian*, was only one of those who visited the victims' wives in the remote Dorset village, with advice and cash. The practical nature of this support must have done something to stiffen the morale of the few score of committed radicals scattered through Dorset.

The hostile *Dorset County Chronicle* is not an adequate source from which to establish how far the Chartist movement penetrated into Dorset, nor the difficulties the local Chartists faced.

Miss Marlow records that George Lovelace was elected to the first Chartist National Convention to represent the working men of Dorset. It is true that he was absent from the meeting at Blandford in November 1838 which elected him (although a meeting of several thou-

sand radicals in this Dorset town was itself an unusual phenomenon). She leaves the reader to speculate why Lovelace did not in fact attend his seat in the Convention, but she does not understand well that he was mainly symbolic, and he was fully occupied in bringing into cultivation the farm in Essex which had been provided for the return of the deportees by the Victims Fund. "I find it utterly impossible," wrote Lovelace explicitly to the Convention, "to find time to attend the Convention. I did I must hire a man to do my place, which at present I cannot afford to do." This is "my reason" and my only reason" for attending.

Meanwhile, the Tolpuddle gave active support to the Chartist movement in Essex, as Miss Marlow makes clear; although, again, the extent of this activity would have been searched through sources other than the ones she uses. A study of agrarian radicalism might also explain the Lovelaces' decision to emigrate to Canada in 1841. Miss Marlow speculates coily on family gatherings and that the might have led up to this decision. But she neglects to mention that his fine short account of the Anglian labourer in that county, which is in certain ways a new version on the grand scale. Elsewhere he sounds more like Ancient Mariner's ghost, talking rather than writing, using emphatic repetitive language to conjure an atmosphere; or he poses as a plain speaker telling a tale far above his understanding, but waited along by notion that the ascertainable facts are more interesting than the fiction. There is still another voice on the occasions, Wallenstein's own in the biography, when the biographer writes as closely as he dares to the language of a dramatist or novelist.

The predominant tone of the book is not the loss set by a historian who has spent years examining the sources, who wants to talk at great length, but (taking the lead from the past controversy) to account without fuss or parade. It is symptomatic of what follows that there is no preface or introduc-

tion to the book; we plunge straight in with two chapters entitled "Childhood: a mosaic with many stones missing", and "The world in which he will have to live". It is equally symptomatic of the writer's (also the reader's) achievement that we end with 180 pages of bibliography, notes and indexes.

A number of years ago one gladiator in the debate about Wallenstein's "guilt", Srik, wrote that what was needed was a study of his whole career (1583-1634) as thorough as the obsessive attention previously given to the tragedy of his last years (1630-34). It is a pleasure to find that Mann's book does just this, by a meticulous combing through available sources, and by a powerful effort to relate each aspect of the life to all the others. This, rather than any particular novelty, is what distinguishes the work, while the easy craftsmanship which interweaves biography and history depends in part on a commanding knowledge of Central Europe, and indeed of European perspectives, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. From his Bohemian redoubt, Mann's Wallenstein can certainly look Michael Roberts' Gustav Adolf straight in the eye.

There are obvious advantages in this widely ranging view. For example, while many scholars have sought to relate all Wallenstein's actions and his inaction in Bohemia during 1633 to political calculations, Mann pays closer attention to his medical history, and lays more stress on his catastrophic physical decline. His last military move, the march from north Bohemia to Furth in Bavaria in November 1633, was in fact "Wallenstein's end". The initiative, on the side of "his" party, fell almost completely into the hands of others, Török, Kinsky and above all the Brandenburg Christian von Hlow; the latter was the great manager of the army officers' manifesto, the first "Revers" of Pilsen. The generalissimo in bed, or carried in his litter along the fatal road to Cheb, was no more than the shadow of a once marvellously vigorous personality.

In the success-story of his part, also, a leisurely and detailed treatment is valuable. Enriched by the Moravian properties of his first wife, Wallenstein began to offer troops or funds to the Habsburg interest in 1617, remained unswervingly loyal during the Bohemian crisis, and made further offers on an ever increasing scale in 1619, 1623, 1624 and 1625. The Habsburgs' indebtedness to the man who was their most competent servant was of course met by a scandalously generous assignment of territory in Bohemia from 1621 onwards; but the actual process of this second enrichment sounds more plausible, less mythical, than in any earlier account.

However, the consequence is in turn best understood in the context of Wallenstein as a princely personality and administrator. Numerous splendid passages describe these twin topics: on the one hand his buildings, horses, coinage, court hierarchy, mode of journeying, tastes in wine and beer, style in writing and speaking; on the other, his robust acumen in prodding new subjects—whether taxmen, lawyers, fief-holders, townsmen, foresters, peasants—to increase to its maximum the productivity of the Bohemian *terra fella*, which an observer in 1633 contrasted with the *terra deserta* of the rest of the kingdom. Undoubtedly, by the age of forty Wallenstein himself recognized his own genius and passion for lordship of this sort, a mixture of ostentatious grandeur and precise economical management. Here is the personality which, even in its decay, must be fitted into any plausible narrative of the stormy sequel. Here were his preferences and values, as a fresh European crisis appeared to be developing in 1624, for him the golden year of peaceful consolidation.

The difficulty remains that there were or there are no documents, amid a sea of them, to clarify some crucial episodes in Wallenstein's career. What were the principal points in his offer to Emperor Ferdinand II, in 1625, to take an army into Germany? Mann is no doubt correct in doubting whether they were ever clearly formulated. Eighteen months later, after Wallenstein had led a part of his army out of

The servant of the Habsburgs

GORDON JACKSON:
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influenced by" variety. There is no evidence at all for the vital question of how Harrington acquired manuscripts of the Surrey and Wyatt poems which appear in the "Arundel-Harrington Manuscript". She speculates at some length but to little purpose on this point.

Harrington's life is nevertheless of considerable interest. Of obscure origin, he entered the royal household about 1538. There he studied music with Thomas Tallis, organist at the Chapel Royal, and evidently attracted the attention of Henry VIII. Through the king's favour he married the heiress to a comfortable estate in Somerset. Family tradition has it that Sir John Harrington was an unacknowledged bastard of the king. He was later in the service of Thomas Seymour, stalling loyally when, in 1549, he was cross-examined about his master's relationship with Princess Elizabeth, and spending a year in the Tower for his pains. He was again arrested in 1554, suspected of being involved in the Duke of Suffolk's rebellion. Once more he seems to have remained loyally discreet about sensitive issues affecting the princess. His relations with Elizabeth led to his falling in love with one of her maids, Isabella Markham, whom he eventually married after the death of his first wife. In spite of his claims on Elizabeth's gratitude, however, he made no attempt to play a political role in the new reign, contenting himself with a privileged position at court and the

modest accumulation of lands and offices. Harrington is hardly the "representative gentleman of the new order", as Professor Hughey claims. Men of his background did not normally play a part in the world of letters. Certainly men of humble origin made their way in the state through scholarship. Sir John Cheke, Sir Thomas Smith, even William Cecil used an academic reputation as a springboard for a career in politics. But this was not Harrington's case. He had little formal education. He knew little or no French until his imprisonment in 1549-50, and was not proficient in Latin. His Cicero was translated from the French, initially as an exercise, and was then handed over to "the well-learned" to be "conferred with the Latin author". He evidently enjoyed literature and interested himself in it for that reason, without ulterior motive.

As it turned out, his career brought him considerable benefits. But, uncharacteristically, he was not single-minded in his pursuit, and practised personal loyalty even when it was politically dangerous. In old age he was urbane enough to treasure the poem on Campton's martyrdom ("Why do I use my paper, ink and pen") even though "he misliked both the man and the matter". Harrington was evidently a sensitive, humane, sympathetic character: a pleasant contrast to the grasping, men-on-the-make with whom cynical historians are increasingly peopling the sixteenth century.

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Germany and through Silesia into Hungary, in order to fend off the enemy forces of Mansfeld and Bethlen, he reached a second agreement (November 25-26, 1626) with Ferdinand's ministers at Bruck, a little way east of Vienna. Once more, there is no reliable record of what was agreed, only surmises made then and since. In December, 1631 Wallenstein again met Eggenberg, the principal minister; there are fortunately fewer doubts about this, the interim arrangement by which Wallenstein—despite his dismissal in 1630—was asked, and undertook, to act as the Habsburgs' supreme commander for a period of three months. Finally, in April 1632, there was another meeting in order to settle the terms on which Wallenstein would continue to serve. Again, nothing was put on record, testimony about those terms is all secondary and circumstantial, and the conscientious historian like Mann can do little more than sort out the bolder guesses of his predecessors from the worse.

In general, his findings are that the more startling or enlightened or treacherous thoughts often credited to Wallenstein—plans to make him King of Bohemia, to remodel the constitution of the Empire or to eject the results from either Bohemia or Germany or both—preoccupied the lesser actors and intermediaries in 1630-34 to a far greater extent than they did Wallenstein himself. He rightly attached extreme importance after the battle of Lützen in 1632, to the need for detaching Saxony and Brandenburg from their Swedish ally (thereby anticipating the Treaty of Prague in 1635). He would have been extremely foolish to have repudiated

all contacts with the Czech exiles or the Swedes. But by this date, unfortunately, his skill in war and politics was decaying with his health. He lost the strength of mind required to control his staff properly; his choice of subordinates was unintelligent rather than reasonable. He was considerably more passive and decayed, less of a dramatic hero or idealist or conspirator, than the majority of those who have studied him closely like to think. Perhaps the scholars could not help themselves, but they based too much on suspect testimony.

It is the juxtaposition of overwhelming plenty and real dearth in the sources which has always given the "Wallenstein Problem" its character and inspired its devotees. One of them, Hermann Hallwich, recounts how a circle of historians and lawyers in Prague spent its leisure (in about the year 1870) by meeting to discuss Wallenstein, how he published his first work on this subject after another decade—and he says this in the preface to another massive contribution to it in 1912. The great Czech historian, Pekař, was amplifying in the 1930s what he had written on Wallenstein in the 1890s. The great Austrian, Srik, capping Pekař, expounded his views on the ever-interesting topic during the First World War and returned to them during the Second. Captive like these, Mann now recalls how he first confronted Wallenstein in 1932. Forty years on, we have his second and third thoughts in this masterly biography of an intractable subject.

An English edition of Wallenstein will be published in due course by André Deutsch.

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The unidentified labourers of Ireland

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352pp. Gollancz. £3.50.

ANDREW BOYD:
The Rise of the Irish Trade Unions
1729-1970
155pp. Tmlee, County Kerry: Avon Books. Paperback, 50p.

Although Marxist commentators have jumped blithely enough on to the Northern Ireland bandwagon, Marxist historians have been curiously lethargic in their explorations of the wider Irish problem of which the present troubles are but a part. Since James Connolly wrote *Labour in Irish History* in 1910, and *The Background of Ireland* in 1916, later large-scale Marxist interpretations have been infrequent and, with the notable exception of E. S. Strauss' *Irish Nationalism and British Democracy* (1951), less than adequate.

A comparison between P. Berrsford Ellis's book and Connolly's is therefore inevitable. Indeed, he invites it himself when he says in his preface that he has attempted "no more than an expansion and updating" of Connolly. Unfortunately, this is a case where comparisons are odious. Connolly was a self-taught genius who compensated for the deficiencies of his formal education by the acuteness of his insights and his ability to feel his way into the subject. Mr Ellis, who presumably has had rather more advantages, has written a much inferior book. Part of the explanation may be to do with personality—Mr Ellis is not a genius and it would be unfair to expect it of him—but more of the

fault lies deeper. He seems to have contemplated writing three separate books—a broad survey, the history of a class, or a Marxist (he might prefer to call it Socialist) interpretation of the Irish past—and has ended by falling between all available stools.

A large part of this work, despite its specialized title, takes the form of a potted general history of Ireland. As such, it is frequently inaccurate and generally superficial. Thus, Mr Ellis describes Daniel O'Connell (whom, predictably, he detests) as "a Dublin lawyer and landowner"; he seems to think the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869 had to do with tithes; he gets both the New Departure of the late 1870s and the Plan of Campaign of the late 1880s hopelessly wrong; he can describe the much beloved Justin McCarthy as "a right-wing religious bigot"; he attributes *The Pope's Green Island* to Standish O'Grady, not W. P. Ryan; what he is presumably groping after is the fact that Ryan's paper, *The Irish Peasantry*, and he thinks W. M. Murphy of the *Irish Independent*, was a supporter of the Irish party in 1913, whereas, when dealing with the events of yesterday Mr Ellis is not immune to error. In one place Austin Clarke, the Northern Ireland MP, is introduced into Austin Clarke, which is of course the name of the clearing-fished poet. And a few pages later, when noting the intervention of British troops in Northern Ireland in 1969, he contrives to date this as April instead of August.

Some of this is no doubt a mere oversight, but the rather alarming

gaps in Mr Ellis's knowledge of Irish history are more likely due to the fact that, with some significant exceptions, most of the work produced by the modern revolution in Irish historiography seems to have passed him by. Not only are his sources frequently out of date, but they are too often used without critical discrimination.

Does the Irish working-class itself fare any better? Now and again it does, especially in the early years of this century, where Mr Ellis uses contemporary newspapers and pamphlets to good effect; but too much is missing from his story for it to carry real conviction. He never clearly identifies who the working class are or what they are working at, and he gives us too little information about their wages and conditions. A great deal of his book is concerned with the rural scene, where, incidentally, the class-structure was far more complex than he indicates—and he achieves the seemingly impossible by writing a history of the Irish working-class in which he receives no serious examination, and the Belfast proletariat—who ought surely to be the Hamlet of this particular tragedy—makes only fleeting appearances on stage.

Given these deficiencies, it is hardly to be expected that the third book which was open to Mr Ellis to write—a Marxist interpretation of the Irish experience—could have emerged in any satisfying or indeed recognizable shape. And in fact it has not emerged. The usual tired phrases about imperialism, capitalism and the petty bourgeoisie are trotted out, naturally, but there is no statistical analysis, no close investi-

gation, no sophisticated argument. Had he been able to read the book, Marx, Engels and Lenin (and more incisive passages in Bly and one fears, have been less than helpful.) Part of Mr Ellis's difficulty undoubtedly springs from the fact that very little detailed research has been done on specific aspects of Irish labour history. To take the obvious and glaring example—the case of Queen Elizabeth, gossip, poet, and reputed inventor of the trade union movement since 1910, who published his *Labour and Nationalism in Ireland* in 1910, Andrew Boyd, a journalist who has written perceptively about Northern Ireland, has now attempted to fill the gap, but with only partial success. He has certainly read as widely as it is possible to read in this rather obscure, documented field and his excellent short bibliography has the merit of listing a number of sources which he generally inaccessible from which he has clearly profited.

Unfortunately, Mr Boyd's narrative is much too condensed to be easily readable, let alone convincing. In a paperback of 111 pages only 111 are devoted to a history which covers more than two centuries. What we inevitably get is a hasty and superficial study, which at times is more than a chronological record. The course of his breathless account through a complex subject, Mr Boyd does undoubtedly impart a good deal of information, but he does not attempt to have tried very hard to improve information into history. A good one—it still is, if anyone is to take the time and trouble to develop it in depth.

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influenced by" variety. There is no evidence at all for the vital question of how Harrington acquired manuscripts of the Surrey and Wyatt poems which appear in the "Arundel-Harrington Manuscript". She speculates at some length but to little purpose on this point.

Harrington's life is nevertheless of considerable interest. Of obscure origin, he entered the royal household about 1538. There he studied music with Thomas Tallis, organist at the Chapel Royal, and evidently attracted the attention of Henry VIII. Through the king's favour he married the heiress to a comfortable estate in Somerset. Family tradition has it that Sir John Harrington was an unacknowledged bastard of the king. He was later in the service of Thomas Seymour, stalling loyally when, in 1549, he was cross-examined about his master's relationship with Princess Elizabeth, and spending a year in the Tower for his pains. He was again arrested in 1554, suspected of being involved in the Duke of Suffolk's rebellion. Once more he seems to have remained loyally discreet about sensitive issues affecting the princess. His relations with Elizabeth led to his falling in love with one of her maids, Isabella Markham, whom he eventually married after the death of his first wife. In spite of his claims on Elizabeth's gratitude, however, he made no attempt to play a political role in the new reign, contenting himself with a privileged position at court and the

modest accumulation of lands and offices. Harrington is hardly the "representative gentleman of the new order", as Professor Hughey claims. Men of his background did not normally play a part in the world of letters. Certainly men of humble origin made their way in the state through scholarship. Sir John Cheke, Sir Thomas Smith, even William Cecil used an academic reputation as a springboard for a career in politics. But this was not Harrington's case. He had little formal education. He knew little or no French until his imprisonment in 1549-50, and was not proficient in Latin. His Cicero was translated from the French, initially as an exercise, and was then handed over to "the well-learned" to be "conferred with the Latin author". He evidently enjoyed literature and interested himself in it for that reason, without ulterior motive.

As it turned out, his career brought him considerable benefits. But, uncharacteristically, he was not single-minded in his pursuit, and practised personal loyalty even when it was politically dangerous. In old age he was urbane enough to treasure the poem on Campton's martyrdom ("Why do I use my paper, ink and pen") even though "he misliked both the man and the matter". Harrington was evidently a sensitive, humane, sympathetic character: a pleasant contrast to the grasping, men-on-the-make with whom cynical historians are increasingly peopling the sixteenth century.

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THE TIMES
71st Year 14 April 1972 No. 3659

Commentary

Could it be that those literary scholars with self-doubt—the ones who, and currently in our own correspondence columns, are in hard-headed pursuit of the comforts of science—are setting about things the wrong way? Granted that what they need to do is to drop the culpable and foggy subjectivism which oppresses them and attract the greater kudos that comes with impersonality. But they do not have to start by converting their intellectual equipment: there is a lot to be said for first lobbying for more actual physical equipment. One shy glance through a laboratory window must have persuaded many a humanist that it is simple to be, or to seem, objective if you work among objects. To look like a scientist might very well come before acting like one.

But unless he is privileged enough to be able to hire the odd hour or two of dialogue with his neighbourhood computer, the literary man's one technological aid to date is a pair of spectacles. Better times are nearly here, however, to judge by a hand-out we have just had from the Inter-Documentation Company of Zug in Switzerland. This exhibits as luscious an item of electronic wizardry as the innumerate bookman could ask for: the DASA microfiche reader, which the Inter-Documentation Company is giving away to anyone who sends them an 'order for £100 worth of microfiche editions.

The company's male model, photographed with the reader nestling on his thighs, is a subtle combination of gentleman scholar and

technician: the tie is loosened and the shirt-collar discreetly undone, but he still wears a waistcoat. It is hard to think of a pleasanter way of modernizing the no doubt dusty image of the book reader. The microfiche reader, which is fed from below and projects the magnified page from the security of one's own lap, is some what larger than the average old-fashioned book and, unlike a book, does need to be plugged into the mains before a consultation. Nevertheless, it might well be the answer for those moderates who are not prepared to abandon the traditional postures of reading in their championing of technology. And there is one advantage of the microfiche way of reading which is worth pointing out, which is that microfiches being much too small for interpretation by the naked human eye, no one need ever know what you are reading unless you screen it. In the circumstances, it can't be long before some futuristic pornographer gets on to them.

While we are on the subject of innovative reading methods, it seems appropriate to recount the experiences of a recently-lapsed dynamo-speed-reading pupil. Having attended as many as five of the eight sessions, he retired, some £30 the poorer, but happily, with his page-per-minute speed only negligibly—and even then not permanently—reduced.

The first of the grueling weekly three-hour classes began with much solemn chart-unfolding, graph-explanation, and Americanized jargon to the effect that it is both possible and desirable to read with the eye rather than 'with the mouth' (i.e. via silent reiteration). This intermediate oral stage would be circumvented if the eye were trained to follow the student's own finger as, to begin with, it moved across each line, then zig-zagged through paragraphs, and, in the final stages, made one diagonal whip-like stroke adroitly the entire page. The system was recommended for all textbooks, and for novels, where any blurring of local detail would be more than compensated for by the resulting gain in a sense of structure.

Furnished with paper-clips and trashy pop-histories, the class began reading ever-increasing sections of

print at ever-increasing speeds: the sections were staggered and double-backed-on to give a gradually increasing picture. The students then groggily completed comprehension tests, generally of the delete-where-inapplicable variety. Our correspondent, who admittedly tended to some near the bottom of his class, could often find only whimsically light-headed connections between the questions posed and the texts studied. As the weekly sessions supplemented by an hour a day of homework passed, phenomenal speeds were recorded. Some students, it seemed, could read pages as fast as it took to turn them over, if not faster. Aided by exciting new note-taking methods (associative-diagrammatic), comprehension rates rose proportionately. Others, however, while sending sore fingertips scurrying over identical-seeming pages at similar speeds, were too winded to be much concerned with extras like comprehension or recall.

The course ended for this particular student when, during a conscientious homework session, he read *What Maisie Knew*, by Henry James, in eleven minutes, and found himself in a position to say only that there was indeed a little girl called Maisie in it, and, moreover, there was a personage called 'Sir' someone in it too. He found, also, that a languid perusal of the *Oxford Companion to English Literature* rendered several times the information in a quarter of the time and could be obtained, furthermore, without abolishing the finger-prints of his right hand. However, many students found the method totally satisfactory, and it is believed that only a liking for literature stood in the way of success in this particular case.

While we still await (and it has been a long wait) the supplementary volume to John Carter's and Graham Pollard's *An Enquiry into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth-Century Pamphlets* (1934), fresh links in the T. J. Wise forger chain continue to appear in the saleroom. Sotheby's offered this week a number of forgeries stemming from the collection of Harry Buxton Forman, bibliographer and book-collector, whose collaboration with Wise in manufacturing and marketing their forged 'first printings' of nineteenth-century writings has been

firmly established since the publication of the *Enquire*—and, in the meantime, the book has been manipulated by the Buxton family for delaying the new edition. There is evidence, assessed, too, of Buxton's probable operations as a forger, independent of Wise.

If the Wise connection reveals some of the highlights of the particular sale, Quaritch, the London bookseller (who bought most of the Buxton Forman forgeries), is made happy by the acquisition of the 1840 edition of *The Drama and Poems* by Caroline Schlegel-Schlegel. She was the model for Dostoevsky's *Anna Karenina*. Early in 1884 Meredith told her that he was finishing a novel partly modelled on Mrs. Norton. But this is between ourselves and make them evidence to discerning. A little later Mrs. Norton told Mrs. Leslie Stephen:

Diana keeps me still on her way to bed, I could have her merrily, with my complete sets, me traversing female history and you know that the way of never be accounted for.

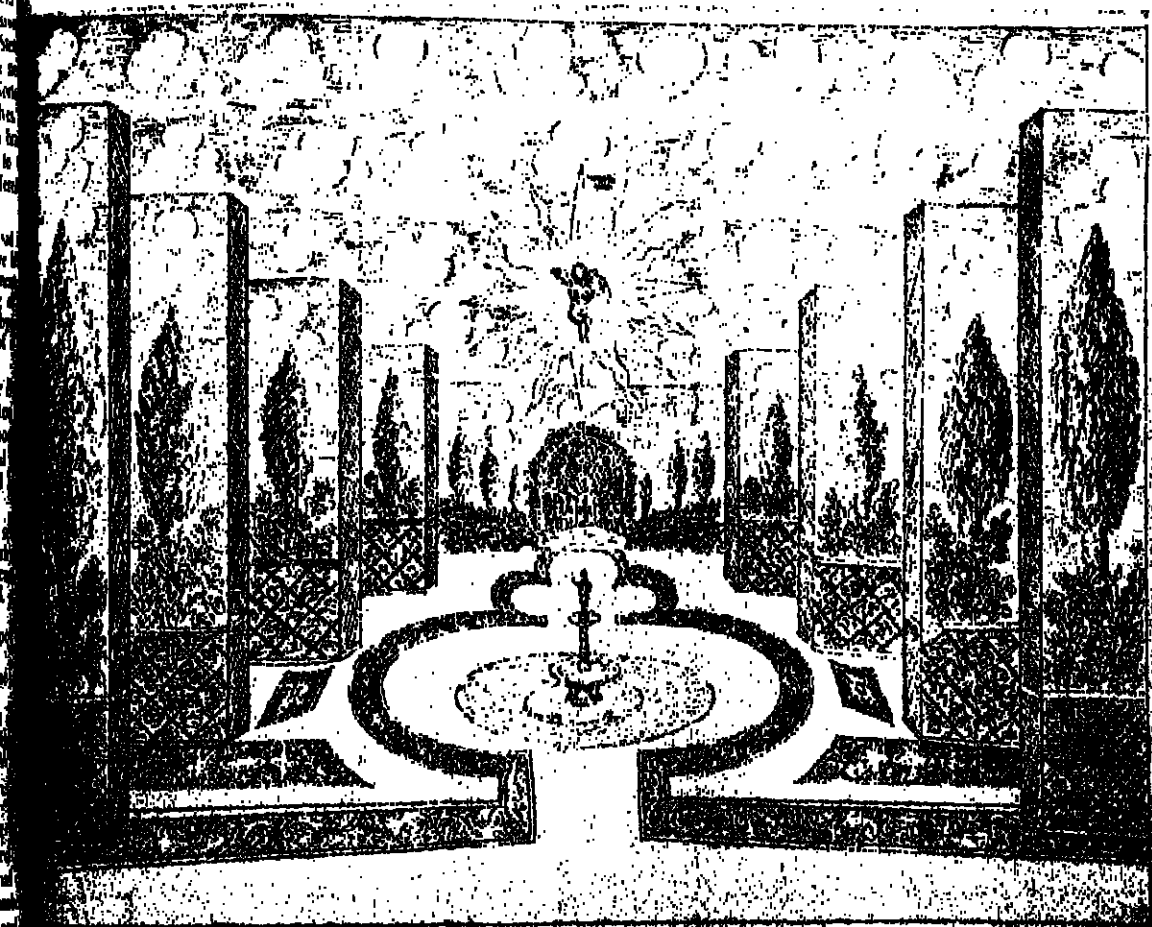
This particular copy of *The Drama and Poems* has on the flyleaf facing Buxton's man's elegant bookplate a poem written in his own hand: 'A Deed of Gift' and dated 9, 1909.

The *Huntress* Dian she might Whose face confronts her in the Drama. To make the Meredithian glad. Were this the only one I had. I were useless to retain the book. A little longer in its nook. But I've a presentation copy. So this I give to my dear Son Maurice, who knows how light

To set by Dian on the Cross

Starting next week, this particular middle page will be occupied by a column of personal comment. We have asked a number of contributors to write on general literary matters and the first of them, Anthony Burgess, will appear in next week. Subsequent contributors will include W. J. Weather, J. Gross, Alan Pryce-Jones, J. James, John Willett, Peter B. Commentaries will not be in the form of essays but will appear when it wants

Classics of Castile



Set for the court production of Calderón's *La Vuelta del Rey* y la piedra, in Valencia, 1690. Reproduced by kind permission of the publishers from *A History of the Spanish Stage* by N. D. Merz, Oxford University Press, 1967.

THE FIRST THREE volumes of Ben's new 'Literary History of Spain' will shortly be completed by the addition of five more: of these, though, will deal with the American literature since independence and another with the literature of the twentieth century. The venture is a Spanish authors are normally written for the Spanish market only and lead both to pay scant attention to what foreign scholars and critics have to say and to introduce a para-literary evaluative criteria of great interest to foreign students. The general editor makes it clear that this project is mainly directed to the needs of English-speaking academic students of literature. There is nothing belittling about volumes under review. They are concerned with purveying information and with describing, analysing and commenting, very much with a view to date without being modish. It is just as well given the long good histories of this kind

lucidly expressed material, a good deal of which will not be found in any other historical account of Spanish medieval writing. It gives generous weight to work done outside Spain. Very full bibliographical guidance for further reading is supplied: that, indeed, is an excellent feature of all three volumes. Professor Deyrmond's account of the epic is a model of reasonable objectivity on a theme where clan warfare is more usual. He also takes his readers easily through the problems of lyric origins and the tangled later history of the medieval Peninsular lyric. What one misses, perhaps, is sufficient recognition of the literary importance of the musical context for which so much medieval poetry was written. The account of medieval romance in Spain manages to give a new look to that subject while remaining authoritative.

The fifteenth century—and particularly some of the big fifteenth-century poets, like Menéndez—seems to get rather less attention than we might have expected, while some critics will think Professor Deyrmond's concept of medieval literature too wide ranging. But it is only very occasionally that even on one of these distant excursions, he can be faulted. Thus, while it is probably correct to say that *Don Quixote* is governed by chivalric assumptions, this judgment would hardly lead students to realize that the *Quijote* is without benefit of chivalry, also, a prose source for our knowledge of late medieval Spanish seamanship, navigation and naval warfare. A belief that students of literature ought not

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MARY GAYLORD RANDEL:
The Historical Prose of Fernando de Herrera
200pp. Tamesis. Distributed by Grant and Cutler. £3.75.

GABRIEL CELAYA:
Exploración de la poesía
198pp. Barcelona: Seix Barral. 130 plus.

Every reader will, of course, have his own reservations. Does it really quite dispose of a serious problem about Gracian? The Christian view is 'everywhere taken for granted'. The account of San Juan de la Cruz perhaps does not allow for the extent to which what might seem to be the influence of lay literature can be accounted for from within orthodox theological and biblical tradition. One might, perhaps, have hoped for more about sixteenth and seventeenth-century theory of literature and about the pervasive influence of rhetorical theory on all writing at this time, particularly as a great merit of Professor Jones's treatment of his subject is that he is concerned to keep reminding his modern readers that Renaissance readers did not respond to literature as they do. This volume makes much more use of illustrative textual quotation than the other two in the series: that is also useful.

The third of these volumes, despite the sequence of names on the title-page, is mostly written by Duncan Moir. E. M. Wilson contributes the chapter on Calderón, though his influence as an interpreter of the Spanish *comedia* proper can be sensed elsewhere too. Mr Moir's chapters are full and wide-ranging and perhaps, at times, a little too enthusiastic about Spanish Golden Age drama, in the sense that a tendency to use somewhat emotive language about its excellences may leave an impression that he is concerned, overmuch, to sell the product. He takes his stand firmly on the view that this drama, in its main forms, was markedly didactic. He even goes so far as to suggest that it was 'concerned with teaching "the basic principles" of

the forthcoming volume on Catalan literature puts this right, it will still be true that the reader of Professor Deyrmond's volume is liable to carry away a distorted view. Professor Jones's own task was a more difficult one. If, when all is said, Spanish medieval writing remains rather thin on the ground, Golden Age literature exists in embarrassing quantities for the literary historian even when, as here, the drama has been wisely hived off into a separate volume. Professor Jones usually keeps clear of current attempts to rejig Spanish sixteenth and seventeenth-century literature in terms of racial influences, art history, and so on. He rides out also 'amateur sociology', though there are a number of interesting points made in his book which, perhaps, suggest that something may have been lost by his scholarly refusal to give himself much sociological scope. Professor Jones is always scrupulously careful not to interpose his own critical persona between the reader and the material under discussion and accepts the anonymity of the historian. Some readers may not, therefore, always realize the extent to which they are given, without fuss, fresh critical aperçus and new perspectives. Thus Professor Jones notes that, contrary to what one might suppose from some current critical orthodoxies, the Counter-Reformation in Spain witnessed the publication of a torrent of frivolous light literature, while the notion that religious writing became, more than before, everyone's favourite reading, depends on a selective and unhistorical use of publishing statistics. He also queries the opinion that religious poetry of meditation drew exclusively on the experience of the Ignatian *Exercitios*. Quevedo's defence of archaic orthodoxies, for all his innovations as a stylist is pointed out.

It is, too, refreshing to find a historian of Golden Age literature who is not afraid to say that some of it, even if it was popular in its own day, is not really very good by any standards—Guevara, Malón do Chalde and Ledesma are examples. Conversely Professor Jones reminds us of the importance of works like Delicado's *Lozana andaluza* and some of the sixteenth-century dialogued forms of realistic fiction modelled on *La Celestina*. A real attempt is made to distinguish critically between the many poets of second rank—usually herded together rather indiscriminately in a kind of critic's sheepfold.

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The idle prelude to collapse

GUY ROSSI-LANDI:
La Drôle de guerre
247pp. Paris: Armand Colin. 37fr.
HENRI MICHEL:
La Drôle de guerre
319pp. Paris: Hachette. 25fr.

Before 1914 it was customary to speak of France as a divided, decadent country. But when faced with the supreme test of war, France appeared as a strong, united country, avoiding both the perils of revolution and dictatorship. It could have been that in 1939 the discordance of the interwar years would have been followed by a comparable affirmation of national strength. There were those who thought that the very coolness with which the declaration of war was greeted in 1939 was a sign of the awareness of reality which the French then possessed and a welcome contrast to the crowds in the streets shouting "A Berlin" in 1914. But in fact, within a few weeks of the opening of the German offensive in the West, the French military and political systems had been destroyed. There was no repetition of the great days of 1914, and it is not infrequently suggested that the French could not have been expected to make such prodigious efforts twice within a lifetime. In a sense the defeat and surrender of 1940 has been explained in terms of the gigantic heroism of the years following 1914.

Guy Rossi-Landi has examined the question from a different viewpoint. He has taken the period from the declaration of war in September, 1939, to the coming to power of Paul Reynaud as Prime Minister in March, 1940—or, to be more exact, until the German offensive of the following May. This was the "drôle de guerre", or the "demer-guerre", the "phoney war" or the twilight war. It was the period when France and England were at war with Germany but when nothing seemed to be happening. The greatest enemy of the French army was boredom, and M. Rossi-Landi tells us how many footballs were distributed to the troops and how societies organized themselves so that the soldiers could be supplied with hot wine, a supposedly miraculous beverage. (A story which he does not tell is that of the wealthy women of Paris who subscribed for roses

to be planted in front of the Maginot Line.)

The argument is that it was this period of the war which bears some of the responsibility for the eventual collapse which followed. From time to time the author looks back beyond September, 1939. He attributes great importance to Munich and to the "drôle de paix" which lasted for the next twelve months. How could there be any belief in a war which opened, as Bernanos said, under the sign of Munich? How could there be any conviction in the necessity of this war, when the French had so recently given way over their ally Czechoslovakia? As some Frenchmen asked, why should they die for Danzig?

The main preoccupation of *La Drôle de guerre* is to show the mistakes which were made and to underline their importance. For example, right from the beginning, in rather mysterious circumstances which the partisans of an armistice were later to recall, the French Chambers were not asked to approve their government's decision to declare war. The debate was deliberately stifled by the President of the Assembly, Edouard Herriot, and the explanation seems to have been that there was still, on September 2, the hope that a peace negotiation could yet succeed. In the following days it was widely expected that Daladier would form a national government, and that "l'union sacrée" would come into existence again. But the war government that was formed was the result of the slightest possible reshuffle (not so much a "cabinet de guerre" as a "cabinet de nageoire", as *Le Canard Enchaîné* put it). The Assembly was that which had been elected in 1936 and had put the Popular Front government of Blum into power.

But in Daladier's war government there were neither socialists nor communists. Indeed, the government was to outlaw the communists, which M. Rossi-Landi considers to have been one of its worst mistakes. Whether it was in its relations with other political parties and trade unions, or whether it was in its interpretations of its powers under the emergency acts, the government is seen as wasting its opportunities. An interesting section of the book is concerned with the French propaganda machine, which was under the control of Jean Giroudoux (and it has often seemed significant that he was the author of *La Guerre de Troie n'aura pas lieu*). The mis-

managements and confusions of this organization make one wish that Evelyn Waugh had been able to write about it.

The main point of M. Rossi-Landi's account is to show how, step by step, the wrong decisions were taken and mistakes made, so that a situation was created in which France could hardly have resisted the Germans effectively. Of course, there is also the responsibility of the men. Daladier, in particular, does not emerge very well. All he could do was to play Gamelin against Georges Reynaud against Bonnet, Monzie against Mandel, Reynaud, too, is criticized for being too easily influenced. Perhaps M. Rossi-Landi is slightly unjust to both of these men, and he fails to mention one factor which should certainly be taken into consideration: the fact that their British ally was against all their plans for taking the offensive against the Germans and their vital supplies, whether in the Black Sea or in Scandinavia.

The inactivity of the "drôle de guerre" was a British as well as a French responsibility. And when the British made a proposal, it often awakened the most acute of French fears, that the Germans would bomb their cities. Perhaps a consideration of these points would have been more valuable than the extensive quotations which M. Rossi-Landi makes from newspapers and other literary sources. But he has not only written a most interesting and lively book, he has undoubtedly made a valuable contribution to our understanding of why the French were defeated in 1940 and why they accepted defeat.

Henri Michel, the leading French expert on the Second World War, approaches the same subject in a more general way. He examines the position of the belligerents in 1939 and on the eve of the German offensive; he considers such topics as the working of the German-Soviet agreement, the position of neutral powers, the special position of Italy and the planning of the general staffs; he goes into some of the aspects of what he calls "la guerre périphérique", the economic blockade, the Russo-Finnish war and the Allied concern with the German iron and petrol supplies. Naturally, such a wide survey has to be somewhat general and the author has usually relied on secondary authorities. But many of the most interesting passages are those which are based on such primary sources as the secret debates

in the National Assembly or the post-war parliamentary committee of inquiry. It is a pity that Professor Michel has not been able to consult some of the documents which have been available for some time now in the Public Record Office and which might have modified some of his views on the Franco-British alliance.

While his book is, as one would expect, informative and judicious over the whole field, it is the sections on France which are the fullest. Like M. Rossi-Landi, Professor Michel describes political life as continuing only too normally. Although deputies were always protesting that nothing counted other than the national interest, they nevertheless remained fully engaged in "la petite cuisine politique et électorale" and wartime restrictions and regulations gave them ample opportunity to support the interests of their electorates and to look after their towns and villages. There is evidence pointing to an unsatisfactory state of discipline in the army and there is reason to believe that the population as a whole was affected by a general state of wishful thinking whereby it appeared that the war would come to a triumphant end without any effort or bloodshed.

There was also a politically inspired defeatism. A communist tract urged the workers to slacken their efforts ("Une heure perdue pour le travail est une heure gagnée pour la révolution") and Professor Michel wonders if this communist activity was not matched by parallel right-wing defeatism. A deputy had, in February, 1940, spoken of the defeatists "à casquette" who took their orders from Moscow and of "des défilistes d'ordres" who took theirs from Berlin, but Professor Michel is cautious about this and is quite clear that there was no fifth column in France.

With regard to economic matters, we are shown M. Flaudin's alarm at the massive expenditure, Marcel Dénat's analysis of the French failure to set up a logical war economy and the Minister for Arms Production, M. Dautry, trying to break out of the confusion which surrounded him. And behind all this, it would seem that the French had little idea of why they were fighting. Like M. Rossi-Landi, Professor Michel is severely critical of Jean Giroudoux, whose subtle and refined phraseology was useless either as propaganda or as information (the said that democracy was "une sorte de secret confié à chaque soldat").

It was, of course, common to justify the inactivity of the phoney war,

by urging the need to wait until the spring of 1940. Then, it had been claimed, the Allies would be strong enough to win. Germany would be economically and psychologically exhausted and the neutral powers, particularly Belgium and Italy, would be coming away from German influence. The situation of May, 1940, in fact, these expectations were proved false. In particular Professor Michel shows that neither British nor French production showed a significant decline for the first four months of the war and since it has become fashionable to stress the rough parity between the French and German armaments they confronted each other on a fact of life and has to be coped with empirically. In either case it is the same thing as ascribing ill health to the operations of a less fatalistic approach can be justified, for we may be sure, if modestly, that if some of the psychological troubles to which we are heir had in fact been learnt rather than inherited then, perhaps, some might be reversible. Psychologists are divided, as are many citizens, about the balance

of factors in the origins of disturbance, but they believe to a man that something can be done about some disturbances if one studies where they come from, and childhood is the time to do that—hence the strategic importance of child psychoanalysis. If malfunctioning has any learned element at all, what is learnt is mostly learnt in childhood and, interestingly enough, this enhances the value of individual experience; for what is learnt is unique for each person. Genetics, or heredity, would to some degree lose its importance where therapy is successful. This is in keeping with the findings of general science, where one can read such statements as:

What is inherited is a genetic constitution capable of responding during its course of development to the environment in which development occurs. . . . In most cases the fate of the individual is not fixed in the fertilized egg, but gradually works itself out during development as one or a few pathways out of many possible ones are followed. . . . That which is inherited is not a character but a potentiality if the environmental stipulations are met.

PSYCHOLOGY

In the egg or in the nursery?

ANNA FREUD and others (Editors):
The Psychoanalytic Study of the Child, Volume XXV.

The Hogarth Press. £5.

MAUD MANNONI:

Child, his "Illness" and the Analyst. Tavistock. £3.15.

DR VICTOR SMIRNOFF:

The Scope of Child Analysis.

Routledge and Kegan Paul.

Child psychoanalysis is in a key position for the strategy of psychological development at all ages. Of the origins of psychological disorder we may say, either: mostly it is heredity; or, a fact of life and has to be coped with empirically. In either case it is the same thing as ascribing ill health to the operations of a less fatalistic approach can be justified, for we may be sure, if modestly, that if some of the psychological troubles to which we are heir had in fact been learnt rather than inherited then, perhaps, some might be reversible. Psychologists are divided, as are many citizens, about the balance

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Parallel to this understanding of the role of genetics, and no doubt expressing the same mistrust of simple-seeming approaches, is the fact that no real eugenic programme has been proposed in the century

understands on reading Theodore Mueller's comparison of the "auditory linguistic habit" and "cognitive code-learning" theories which epitomize the most luck-lustre aspects of the past ten years. And for spine-chilling mechanism, the doggedly methodical paper by Annie Mead deserves a place among the minor classics; a simple quotation: "Each time the child initiated the motor response he was reinforced."

However, there are brighter prospects. Stanley Simon is urbane and amusing about TG, though it is a pity he chose only a secondary source to criticize, whereas Professor Skinner himself is quoted for the behaviourist point of view (or does this mean that he has no disciples nowadays?). Papers by David Reibel and Leonard Newmark explore the strategies of the immersion method, while Eugene Nida contributes an illuminating essay on the role of self-defined social roles in inhibiting language learning.

The twin credit cards of a training in psychology and in genetics gave Dr Slater a place at the table in a number of other professions—law, the humanities, and sociology among them. Appetite clearly had something to do with this dining out: Dr Slater has written nearly 150 articles or books, roughly five times what is reprinted here. Yet these papers have been nicely chosen. The meaty technical pieces on how manic depressive insanity or schizophrenia is inherited, or on the link between sexuality and neurosis (one of a series of studies on soldiers during the war) are seasoned with methodological ones like that on how to be certain whether or not twins are monozygotic (Dr Slater worked out his own technique, using fingerprints); but most worth savouring are the general pieces—on German eugenics (published in 1936), on the problems facing the psychiatrist in court as a witness, and on what particular form of madness the composer Schumann had (in which Dr Slater quotes a fascinating table of twenty-seven German-speaking composers, as many as ten of whom some doctors consider to have been psychotically abnormal).

Dr Slater's most noteworthy quality, a salting which runs through all his work and is shown in this collection, has been his ability to be attracted to, and to concentrate on, every level of science, whether it be the dry statistical detail involved in genetic calculation or the application of

biological principles to such an overwhelming issue as antisemitism. Though the good sense that results from this shows up most in the papers that discuss where the lawyer and the psychiatrist may disagree, professional psychiatrists will probably feel it most from Dr Slater's position, since 1961, as editor in chief of the *British Journal of Psychiatry*: under him, it has prospered without following any one approach into the ground, as has happened with so many other psychiatric journals.

Only now and then does the almost automatic superiority which genetists assume over sociologists show itself. For the rest of the time Dr Slater is a model observer—probably because he continued to treat patients right through his career, avoiding the distancing that eminence can bring. This gives a special flavour to his review of Konrad Lorenz's book *On Aggression*—itself a mass of detailed observation which Dr Slater was delighted to find himself at home in— but it makes some of his generalizations, like that from childhood aggression, as this as Dr Lorenz's have proved to be. And it has led Dr Slater, rarely, to close his mind too early on occasional issues. (As the edi-

Without tears

ELIOT SLATER

MAN, MIND AND HEREDITY

Edited by James Shields and Irving I. Gottesman

405pp. Johns Hopkins Press (IBEG). £7.15.

"A kind of International Diners' Club"—that is how Eliot Slater describes psychiatry in a "retrospect" reviewing the range of his thirty-three papers on psychiatry and genetics, collected in *Man, Mind, and Heredity* to commemorate his recent retirement as director of the Medical Research Council's Psychiatric Genetics Unit at Maudsley Hospital.

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tors point out, his 1948 view on the way the high fertility of low IQ individuals would operate to reduce the general level of IQ was based on incomplete evidence—it is offset by people of the lowest IQ tending not to marry.)

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